

EXTRACTS

from

JUVENILIA or POEMS

by

GEORGE WITHER

You enchanting Spells that lye
Lurking in sweet Poesy.

Wither.



L O N D O N:

Printed by GEORGE BIGG, 1785.

Sold by J. SEWELL, Cornhill; and J. DEBRET,
opposite Burlington House, Piccadilly.

DEDICATION.

To -----

There is naturally in the human mind a strong disposition to admire *Theatrum*; an *exact* representation pleases in a picture, even when the things represented are, in themselves, uninteresting: But, whatever brings to remembrance the Objects that are dear, in our affections or respect, is a perpetual source of exalted pleasure on Earth.

If *You* had been unknown to me, *Walter's* Poem of "FAIR VIRTUE" would have given me much

less pleasure than it has ; I should then have read it only as an elegant description of an *ideal Being* : but the many traits in your character, which bear a striking resemblance to the finest parts of his description, bring that description home to the Heart, as the Picture of *Truth*, and not of *Fancy*.

Every one who knows *You*, will join in the *Poet's* exclamation

“ Can I think, the *Guide of Heaven*,
 “ Hath so bountifully given,
 “ Outward features, 'cause He meant,
 “ To have made less excellent,
 “ Your divine part ? or suppose
 “ *Beauty, Goodness* doth oppose ;

“ Like

“ Like those Fools, who do despair,
“ To find Any, *Good*, and *Fair* ?
“ Rather, there I seek a mind
“ Most excelling, where I find
“ God hath, to the body, lent
“ Most-beseeming Ornament.

“ And I do believe it true,
“ That, as we the *Body* view
“ Nearer to Perfection grow :
“ So, the *Soul* herself doth show :
“ Others more and more excelling,
“ In her powers ; as in her dwelling.”

Altho’ fit subject for comparison may be found
in *Your Person* ; it is from the *Poet’s* description of
the

the *Mind* and *Behaviour*, whence an idea, of
perfect similitude, arises in the imagination of

Your most devoted

30th May, 1785.

Aretephil.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THE intention of this *Publication* is, to diffuse that pleasure, which the Editor has enjoyed from the perusal of *Wither's* POEMS, by promoting a *Republication* of the JUVENILIA, in case the Publick Curiosity should be incited, to recover from obscurity these, almost forgotten, POEMS.

The Editor will venture to say that The *Poem* "FAIR VIRTUE, The Mistress of Philarete." contains a more perfect System of Female Tuition than is any where else to be found. *Wither's* Pen flows as freely with becoming praise, as biting Satyre; and was always employed in the cause of Virtue: There is, in his Works, uncommon strength of mind, and peculiarity of thought, often most happily express'd.

The

The Editor having mentioned, in the course of this Publication, *Wither's* HALELUIAH, he cannot resist transcribing two pieces from it; The one an anniversary ejaculation of a happy Couple: The other an annual Tribute to the Memory of a departed Friend.

“ For anniversary Marriage-days.

LORD, living, here are we
As fast united, yet,
As when our Hands, and Hearts by Thee,
Together, first were knit,
And, in a thankful *Song*,
Now, sing we will Thy Praise,
For, that Thou dost as well prolong
Our *loving*, as our *Days*.

Together we have now,
Begun another year;
But, how much time Thou wilt allow,
Thou maks't it not appear.

We,

We, therefore, do implore,
 That *live*, and *love*, we may,
 Still so, as if but one day more,
 Together we should stay.

Let each of others *weakth*,
 Preserve a faithful care,
 And of each other's *Joy* and *Health*;
 As if one Soul we were.
 Such conscience let us make,
 Each other not to grieve,
 As if we, daily, were to take
 Our *Everlasting-Leave*.

The *forwardness*, that springs
 From our *corrupted-kind*,
 Or from those troublous *outward-things*,
 Which may distract the mind;
 Permit Thou not, oh LORD,
 Our constant Love to shake;
 Or, to disturb our true accord;
 Or, make our hearts to ake.

But

But let these *Frailties* prove

Affection's Exercise:

And, that Discretion, teach our Love.

Which wins the noblest prize.

So, *Time*, which wears away

And ruins all things else,

Shall fix our Love on Thee for aye,

In whom, *Perfection*, dwells."

"For an anniversary Funeral-day.

The Day is now return'd

Which in memorial of my *Friend*

(When first for her I mourn'd)

To set apart I did intend.

'Tis now a year,

Since for my *Dear*,

This yearly *Rite* was done;

And, I as yet,

Do not forget

My losses to bemoan.

I must

I must indeed confess
 That (tho' to LOVE, still, true I am)
 My *Passions* now are less:
 And, that my Grief is not the same;
 For, *Time* assures
 More perfect cures,
 When *Sorrow* woundeth man,
 Than all the pow'rs
 Of Herbs and Flow'rs,
 Or *Human-Reason* can.

Thy *Name*, oh GOD, I praise
 That, Thou, by *Time*, hast eas'd me so:
 For, doubtless, length of days,
 Without Thy *Mercy*, lengthens *Woe*.
 When Thou dost please,
 From *Pain*, to *Ease*,
 We in a night return.
 And when we grieve,
 Thou must relieve,
 Or, we shall ever mourn.

That

That yearly *Rite*, therefore,
 Which to my *Friend*, my passion vow'd;
 Shall honour her the more,
 If, on Thy praise, it be bestow'd,
 And, if this Day
 Will pass away
 In thankful thoughts of Thee;
 Which once I meant
 To have mispent,
 In Grievs that fruitless be.

Nor is my *Friend* forgot
 Tho' thus I turn from her to Thee:
 The less I love her not,
 Tho' now I sing Thy love to me.
 Whilst Thee I mind,
 In Thee I find
 My *Friend* again reviv'd:
 When *her* alone,
 I think upon,
 I, for one *dead*, am griev'd.

The

The Virtues of this *Friend*,
 Within myself let me improve;
 And to that noble End,
 Cause her memorial me to move.

For, if we stray,
 From their Just-way,
 Whom we in Life approv'd;
 Those whom we seem'd
 To have esteem'd,
 We never truly lov'd

LORD, I am drawing near,
 To her Estate whom I bemoan;
 Yea, nearer by a year,
 Than when this duty last was done.

And still I come
 The farther from
 The State I did deplore;
 As nearer to
 That State, I grow
 Which equals *Rich* and *Poor*.

Vouchsafe,

. Vouchsafe, oh GOD ! I pray,
 That hence remov'd when I shall be,
 In Thee behold I may,
 All those that were belov'd of me.
 Yea, let none here,
 To me be dear,
 But those whom I shall find,
 Enjoy that Love,
 In Heaven above,
 Which they, on Earth, should mind."

The Editor's Avocations do not admit him to
 undertake the *Republication* of *Wither's* JUVENILIA
 but he would not hesitate to communicate his copy
 to a proper Person for that purpose.

Y

THIS, almost forgotten Poet, GEORGE WITHER
or Wyther, was born on 11th June 1588 and
died 2^d May 1667.

His early Works were much admired, as appears
from the various editions of them : in his *Fragmenta
Prophetica*, it is said, that about *thirty thousand*
copies of "*His Motto*" printed in 1618, were
sold in a few months; altho' this Poem is now
scarcely to be found : The Editor has *two different*
Editions of it in 8°. printed in 1621 : and another in
the 12°. Edition of the *Juvenilia* 1633.

The JUVENILIA is a *Collection of Poems*, before
published, written by *George Wither*; the 12°. *Edition*
is dated 1633 : but this *Collection* was of
an earlier date viz 1622, in 8°.

The Copy of the 8° Edition, in the Editor's
possession, wants the engraved *Frontispiece*, which is

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the *Title-Page*, but the following introductory verses are prefixed to “ *Abuses stript and whipt,*” both in the 8°. Edition of 1622, and the 12°. Edition of 1633.

To the READER,

Upon these Poems

THESE JUVENILIA (or these *youth-passimes*)
 Set forth in homely and unpolisht *Rhimes*,
 Let none despise : For, whatsoe’r they seem,
 They have their *fate*, their *use*, and their *esteem*,
 And will be read ; when those, more seeming wise,
 Have far less use, and shorter Destinies.
 Nor read you them, with that censorious eye,
 As if you look’d for curiou’sst *Poesy*.
 If that be sought for, others can afford
 Large *Volumes*, and with *Art*, far better stor’d.
 And, this our *Author* answers your desire,
 If for his riper labours you enquire.

Here

Here, you shall see what *Nature* could impart,
 Ere he had Time, or Means, to compass *Art* :
 What *Strains* a native honesty could reach ;
 What knowledge and what boldness it can teach :
 And, that in TRUTH, a majesty there is,
 Tho' masked in despised *simpleness*.

Among the *Learn'd*, this *Author* had no name,
 Nor did he this way think to purchase Fame ;
 For, when he This composed, it was more,
 Than he had read in twice twelve months before ;
 And by his latter studies, some discern,
 That, first he writ, and then began to learn,
 Be't what it will ; 'tis that, he means shall pass,
 To shew how foolish, and how wise he was.

No *Critick* now, doth in these *Poems* see,
 A blemish, or a scape, more soon than he :
 He knows as well as they, what seems amiss
 In these *Inventions* ; and what childish is.
 He knows how far they differ from those *lays*,
 By which the learned *Poet* hunts for praise :

And wherein those absurdities do lye,
 Which (to their thinking) mar his *Poesy*.
 And, yet, he will not mend them: For his *name*
 Is loved more, and higher flies his fame,
 By these despised *Numbers*, than their *pride*
 Can raise them yet, who did his lines deride.
 And, that his *Matter* will be priz'd, he knows;
 When their fil'd language out of fashion grows.

Thus therefore, uncorrected and untrim'd,
 You have these *Poems*, as they first were limn'd:
 Which (tho' some may dislike) some will approve,
 For, many men will leave a pruned Grove,
 And curious Garden-allies, to go see,
What pleasures in untill'd Mountains be:
 And much delight in Woods to take the shade,
 Of artless Arbours, by rude Nature made.

Beside; as there be many men, who long
 To see of what complexion being young
 Their Bodies were; and to that purpose save,
 Unalter'd, those their Pictures which they have.

So

So, he, thus having drawn (as here you find)
 In childish years the picture of his *mind*,
 Unalter'd, leaves it; that in time to come,
 It may appear how much he changeth from
 The same he was: And, that, beseen it may,
 How he *amends*, grows *worse*, or *keeps a-stay*.
 Then, whether he could better this or no,
 His purpose is, some other way to show.

It is not easy to determine what the **JUVENILIA** properly comprehends; The Editions of 1622 and 1633 agree, in lettering the sheets successively from "*Abuses stript and rebapt*" to the end of "*The Shepherd's Hunting*:" in the Edition of 1633, the pages are continued to the end of "*Fidelia*;" but not lettered, and its particular Title-Page is dated 1632: in the Edition of 1622 "*Fidelia*" is neither lettered nor paged, tho' dated 1622. "*Wither's Motto*" is in both volumes; but *not paged* in either; and lettered by itself in both. In the 8^o. Edition, the *former pieces* are printed for *John Budge*

and "*Wither's Motto*" for *John Marriot*: in the 12^o. Edition the former for *Robert Allot* and the "*Motto*" for *John Grismond*: "*The Mistress of Philarete*" is not in the 8^o. volume; but whether accidentally deficient in the copy which the Editor possesses, or omitted in the collection, does not appear, tho' there is no catch word to indicate its having ever been in the Volume: in the 12^o. Edition it is connected to the "*Motto*" by a catch word, and as it is preceded by a preface of *John Marriot*, tho' printed for *John Grismond*, it is most probably reprinted by *Grismond* from a former Edition, by *Marriot*, as well as the "*Motto*."

Wood (Athen. Oxon) says that

"Iter Hibernicum, or Irish Journey	} written in verse
"Iter Bor: or Northern Journey	
"Patrick's Purgatory	
"Philarete's Complaint	
"were called the JUVENILIA"	

Wood

Wood is demonstrably wrong, concerning the *Contents* of the JUVENILIA; and therefore a doubt must remain, whether the *Poems*, mentioned by him, are the Works of *Wither*. “*Philarete’s Complaint*” called in the early Editions of “*Abuses stript and whipt*” *Aretophil’s Complaint*, is alluded to by the *Poet* himself, but the *others* do not appear any where to be even hinted at. *Wood* adds that he had never seen “*The Mistress of Philarete*” so that it is uncertain whether “*Philarete’s Complaint*” and “*The Mistress of Philarete*” be the same Poem under different names, or different Poems.

In two Copies, which the Editor has seen, of the 12^o. volume, the contents are the same, viz.

Abuses

various Editions

"Abuses stript and whipt (1611*) 1613, 2 Edit. 12°. (1614, 8°.) 1615, 12°. 1617, 12°. 1622, 8°. 1633†, 12°.

Prince Henry's Obsequies (1612, 4°.) 1617, 12°. 1622, 8°. 1633, 12°.

A Satyre to the King 1614, 12°. (1615, 8°.) 1616, 12°. 1622, 8°. 1633, 12°.

Epithalamia . . . 1622, 8°. 1633, 12°.

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* Mr. Herbert has a copy of "Abuses stript and whipt," wanting the *Title-Page*, with *Wither's Head* 1611 etat: fure 21 $\div$ 1588 = 1609; so that 1611 must relate to the *Publication*, and not to *Wither's age*. The copy at the *British Museum*, of the Edit. 1615, has *Wither's Head*, but the Pages are 302, in Mr. Herbert's 344; so that they cannot be the same Edition.

† Book 2d is dated 1632, certainly an error of the Press.

The Shepherd's Hunting 1615, 2 Edit. 12°. [1620*,]
1622, 8°. 1633, 12°.

Fidelia

* It is suspected there is a *mistake* here; for some Stanzas quoted from this Edition of "*The Shepherd's Hunting*" are not in either of the Editions of 1615, nor in those of 1622 and 1633: It is therefore very unlikely They should be found in an intermediate Edition of 1620, if there was such an Edition, which may be doubted, for The Stanzas so quoted from "*The Shepherd's Hunting*" are really in "*The Mistress of Philarete*," The Stationer in a Postscript to "*The Mistress of Philarete*" mentions that "some of the Sonnets in It, had been before printed in the imperfect and erroneous copy foolishly entitled his Works." Perhaps this imperfect and erroneous Edition may be what is referred to, as bearing date 1620. The Stanzas, in that quotation, are *not all*, which "*The Mistress of Philarete*" contains.

Fidelia . . . (1619, 8°) 1622*, 8°
1632†, 12°

Wither's Motto . . . (1618), 1621†, 2 Edit. 8°
1633, 12°

Fair Virtue, The Mistress } (1622, 8°) 1633, 12°
of Philarete }

Epigrams, Sonnets, Epi- } 1633, 12°
taphs, &c. }

N. B. Those Editions in Parentheses The
Editor has not seen, the others are in his possession.

If

* To Fidelia" are added "Paraphrases on the Creed
and Lord's Prayer" not paged.

† The date 1632 is probably an error of the Press
for 1633, as the pages are continued from "The
"Shepherds Hunting" thro' "Fidelia."

‡ The Title Page to "*Wither's Motto*" is engraved
and bears the date 1621; but the Copy with the Collec-
tion of 1622, may have been printed in that year, as
the other pieces are, tho' the date was not altered in
the

If POETRY be the POWER of COMMANDING the IMAGINATION, conveyed in *measured language* and *expressive epithets*, WITHER was truly a POET. Perhaps there is no where to be found, a greater variety of *English Measure* than in His Writings; (Shakespear excepted) more Energy of Thought, or more frequent developement of the delicate filaments of the Human Heart.

One

the Plate. The assertion, therefore, of *two different Editions* 1621, may be doubtful; and all that can be positively said, is, that there are two different Editions 8° of 1621, or 1621 and the subsequent year. The other Copy, in possession of the Editor, appears to be antecedent to that bound up with the Collection of 1622, as the *Postscript* is *added* to this last: the former, by the impression of the Copper Plate, appears, however, *not* to have been the *First Edition*, as the Plate is much worn. They are printed page for page, but with typographical differences.

One modern Versifier complained that *Wither's* verse was *rough*; On the other hand, a Lady, who is Mistress of all the modulation of sweet sounds, admired how the lines run into each other, with the beauty of blank verse, without losing the spirit of the lyric measure: Attention to the Old English Poets will clearly shew, that there was a greater variety admitted, in pronunciation and accent, than is allowed in modern versification: The Ear which cannot conform itself to the ancient practice, but is bound in the Silken Traces of modern verse, may be offended, sometimes, with the early Poets; and, in every reader it will require a habit and use before the Ear attains the compleat practice, without which many lines will appear *prosaic*. Words also become *obsolete*; or what is worse, appropriated to vulgar Ideas *only*: such will ever be a stumbling block to a reader without Genius.

Mere Versifiers frequently stile themselves *Poets*, but the recital of common ideas, in however flowing language, can never, with propriety, be stiled
Poetry;

Poetry; nor does the most exact description of Nature, of Man or Manners deserve the name, unless that description raises, in the imagination, some idea not expressed; and if it does, nothing can be so trivial as not to give pleasure to a mind of quick conception: An apt example occurs in “*The Shepherd’s Hunting*.”

“ I with wonder heard thee sing
 “ At our last year’s revelling:
 “ Yea I saw the Lasses cling
 “ Round about thee in a ring;
 “ As, if each one jealous were,
 “ Any but Himself should hear.”

The art of assigning a fanciful reason for an ordinary action is the Soul of Poetry: we can here imagine the *countenances* of the *encircling auditory*: The Imagination must ever be the Poet’s Commentator: and Its scope is universal, embracing the World of Ideas as well as Forms: It may happen that a man shall be so destitute of Imagina-

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tion

tion, as to have no relish for *true Poetry*, and prefer mellifluous verses; but the want of sight does not prove that there are no Colours in the Rainbow. They who are *satisfied*, for *pleased* none can be, with the flowing lines of those modern versifiers, who have fewer ideas, of their own, than the *learned Pig*, are not the People for whom the *repast* of *Wither's Poems* is adapted: Lovers of natural thought and sentiment will be pleased at being brought to acquaintance with *Wither*: but to enable them to judge for themselves was the intention of the *Specimens* which follow: they are taken from *different Poems*, to convey, to those who are ignorant of the *Poet*, an idea of what they may expect: but scarce any of these quotations are compleat; the intention of them being to *raise*, and *not* to *satisfy*, Curiosity.

In some of his latter pieces, *Wither* has given up the reins to Enthusiasm, and is rather to be considered as displaying himself in the character of a *Prophet*, than a *Poet*: neither these, nor his *Political Poems*, come within the intention of this publication;

tion; altho' many fine things are interspersed in his *Haleluiah*, *Campo-Museæ*, and in his other pieces not here recited: in the *Haleluiah* there are some things, perhaps, no where to be surpassed.

Wither's Prophetical and Political Poems seem to have been the true cause of that depreciation of his merit, which we find broached by his Cotemporaries, and retailed in subsequent writers.

Swift has stigmatized *Wither* in his *Battle of the Books*; but as *Dryden* is joined with him, the opprobrium falls on the *Critick* and not on the *Poets*: for it is too absurd to be allowed in the candour of criticism, that condemnation should be past on *Alexander's Feast*, *The Origin of Harmony*, or *Abraham* and *Achitophel*, because their Author, in his Plays, published much trash, that has been so justly ridiculed by the *Rehearsal*: The value of Poets must be tried by the same standard as the Metallick Ores; by the proportion of the finer metal to the dross: and, in the aggregate Mass, a Grain of pure Gold is of more value than a pound of lead.

Wither having been actively concerned in the Civil Wars, his character as a Poet, as well as a Man, is stigmatized in the true spirit of Party Rage: a stronger testimony cannot be given of this blindness of Prejudice, than the vile GRUB-STREET, *Taylor the water poet*, being set in competition to *Wither*: we have now little concern with *Wither's* personal character, but candour will hesitate to join in condemnation of the *Man*, when the *Poet* is so unjustly arraigned; more especially as He was repeatedly thrown into prison for *His Satires*: and the last time confined in New-Gate, at above 70 years of age, for a MS *general Satire*, seized in his own possession, and construed into a libel against the House of Commons, without hearing his defence, but garbling his MS to find exceptionable parts: *This* and *all His other Satires* were *general*: Thank God the Revolution has banished from this Country, the oppression of such Tyranical Power! and it is to be hoped we shall never be so wanting to ourselves as to bring it forth again from its lurking Place, by giving
the

the trial, out of our own hands by juries, into those of any Judges whatever: if a Jury gives an *improper verdict* it is confined to the *single case* only, but the determination of Judges, whether in the House of Parliament or on the bench, is made a *precedent* of *Injustice*.

According to *Pope*, there is more offence in *general* than in *personal Satire*

“The fewer still you name, you wound the more,
“*Band* is but one, but *Harpax* is a score.”

it is not wonderful that profligate individuals should resent *general satire*, but that there should be such prostitution and perversion of Public Justice, to punish *It* as an offence, is beyond credibility, if the evidence was not uncontrovertible.

General Satires are *Moral Essays*, which come, as Lord Bacon expresses it, home to every Man's heart and bosom; and altho' they admit fewer Poetical

Ideas, than almost any other species of writing, still *Wither* has introduced much *Poetical* imagery into his Satires. They are written in rime, in Heroick Verse of *ten syllables*; and *Wither's* Verse will gain more by being compared with *Donne*, his immediate Predecessor, than it will lose by a comparison, with *Dryden* or *Pope*: altho' *Wither's* JUVENILIA were published several years before *Dryden* was born.

Pope has said

——— Dryden taught to join,
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

but the claim of having *first* deserved this character, must be granted to *Wither*, altho' it be allowed *He*, more even than *Dryden*,

————— “ wanted, or forgot,”

What *Pope* calls

“ The last and greatest art, the art to blot.”

“ Fair

“*Fair Virtue, The Mistress of Philarete*,” if not the *first*, appears to be one of *Wither*’s *earliest* performances. It seems to be alluded to in “Abuses Stript and Whipt,” in the early editions, under the name of “Aretophil’s Complaint;” and in subsequent, under that of “Philarete’s Complaint:” In this Poem of “Fair Virtue,” *Wither* has given a most elegant description of Woman, in person, mind, and behaviour.

The Introduction faithfully says “Hereby those
 “ Women, who desire to be truly beloved, may
 “ know what makes them so to be, and seek to
 “ acquire those accomplishments of the Mind,
 “ which may endear them, when the sweetest
 “ features of a beautiful face shall be converted into
 “ deformity.—Here it shall appear, that he who
 “ was able to conceive the most excellent pleaf-
 “ ingness, which could be apprehended in a
 “ corporeal Beauty; found it (even when he was
 “ most enamoured with it) far short of that unex-
 “ pressible

“ preffible sweetness, which he discovered in a
 “ virtuous and well tempered Disposition.”

There cannot be a properer Introduction to
 This Poem in praise of *Female Excellence*, than some
 lines take from it.

Look on *Moon*, on *Stars*, on *Sun*,
 All *God's Creatures* over-run ;
 See, if all of them presents,
 To your mind, such sweet contents:
 Or, if you, from them can take
 Ought that may a Beauty make,
 Shall one half so pleasing prove,
 As is *Hers*, whom you do love.
 For, indeed, if there had been
 Other Mortal Beauties scen,
 Objects for the love of man,
 Vain was Their Creation then.
 Yea, if this could well be granted,
Adam might his *Eve* have wanted.

But

But a Woman is the Creature,
 Whose proportion with our nature
 Best agrees, and whose perfections,
 Sympathize with our affections:
 And not only, find our senses
 Pleasure in their excellencies;
 But our Reason also knows
 Sweetness in them, that outgoes
 Human wit to comprehend;
 Much more, truly, to commend.

The Poem, "*Fair Virtue*," is introduced by a
 very tender Address to His Mistress, of which the
 following are some of the Stanzas.

Hail, thou fairest of all Creatures,
 Upon whom the Sun doth shine:
Model of all rarest Features,
 And Perfections most divine.

Thrice all-hail: and blessed be
 Those that love and honour Thee.

This

This, thy *Picture*, therefore shew I
 Naked unto every eye,
 Yet no fear of *Rival* know I,
 Neither touch of *Jealousie*;
 For, the more make love to Thee,
 I the more shall pleased be.

I, am no *Italian* lover,
 That will mew Thee in a Jayle;
 But, thy *Beautie* I discover,
Englisb-like, without a vail,
 If, Thou mayst be won away;
 Win and wear Thee he that may.

Yet, in this thou mayst believe me;
 (So indifferent tho' I seem)
 Death with tortures would not grieve me,
 More than loss of thy esteem,
 For, if VIRTUE me forsake;
 All, a scorn of me will make.

Then,

Then, as I on Thee relying
 Do no changing feare in Thee:
 So, by my defects supplying,
 From all changing, keep Thou me.
 That, unmatched we may prove,
 Thou, for *Beautie*; I, for *Love*.

He commences the Poem with a description of the *Scene*, which is almost the only thing that is *Pastoral* * in the whole piece; some Ladies overhearing him singing, are led by the voice to the Place of his retirement; He invites them to an Arbour, where after exchanging Compliments, They urge him to sing: he at first excuses himself; but, being further urged, He complies. He then changes the measure from the *heroick* to the *lyrick*.

You,

* A dignified Author, who has given *part* of the Sonnet “ *Hence ye Syrens leave me,*” COLDLY calls “The Mistris of Philarets” a long *Pastoral Piece*.

You, that at a blush can tell,
 Where the best perfections dwell;
 And the substance can conjecture,
 By a shadow, or a Picture:
 Come, and try, if you by this,
 Know my *Mistress*, who she is.

After inviting every thing to hearken, He concludes his invocation.

Lastly; you that will (I know)
 Hear me wh'er you should or no,
You; that seek to turn all flowers,
 By your Breath's infectious powers,
 Into such rank lothsome weeds
 As your dunghill nature breeds.
 Let your hearts be chaste, or here,
 Come not, till you purge them clear.
 Mark; and mark then, what is worst;
 For whate'er it seem at first;

If you bring a modest mind,
 You shall nought immodest find,
 But, if any too severe,
 Hap to lend a partial ear;
 Or, out of his blindness yawn,
 Such a word, as *oh prophane!*
 Let him know thus much from me,
 If here's ought prophane, 'tis He,
 Who applies these excellencies,
 Only to the touch of senses;
 And, dim-sighted, cannot see
 Where the soul of this, may be.

A number of Sonnets are introduced, too many
 to be given here, but a few extracts may not be
 amiss

Sad *Eyes* what do you ail
 To be thus ill disposed?
 Why doth your sleeping fail,
 Now all mens else are closed?

C

Was't

Was't I, that ne'er did bow
 In any servile duty;
 And will you make me now,
 A Slave to Love and Beauty?

Shall then in earnest truth,
 My careful eyes observe Her?
 Shall I consume my youth,
 And short my time to serve Her?
 Shall I, beyond my strength,
 Let Passion's torments prove me,
 To hear her say, at length,
Away, I cannot love Thee?

Oh, rather let me dye,
 Whilst I thus gentle find her,
 'Twere worse than death, if I
 Should find she proves unkind.
 One frown, (tho' but in jest)
 Or one unkindness, fained,
 Would rob me of more rest,
 Then e'er could be regained.

But

But, in her eyes I find
 Such signs of Pity moving ;
 She cannot be unkind ;
 Nor err, nor faile in loving.

And, on her forehead, this,
 Seems written to relieve me ;
 My heart no joy shall miss,
 That Love or she can give me.

And this shall be the worst,
 Of all that can betide me ;
 If I, like some accurst,
 Should find my hopes deride me.
 My Cares will not be long,
 I know which way to mend them ;
 I'll think, who did the wrong,
 Sigh, break my heart, and end them.

Then the Poet proceeds to the description of His
Mistress's Person.

First, that part shall be disclos'd
That's of *Elements* compos'd.

This pure substance is the same,
Which the Body we do name.
Were that, of immortal stuff;
'Tis refin'd and pure enough,
To be call'd a *Soul*; for sure,
Many *Souls* are not so pure.

In the motion of each part,
Nature seems to strive with *Art*,
Which her gesture most shall bless,
With the gifts of pleasingness.

We will not anticipate the *Poet's* perfect description
by scraps. —but we cannot resist giving some
part of the following passionate and beautiful
Sonnet

When

When *Philomela* with her strains,
 The Spring had welcom'd in;
 And *Flora* to bestrew the Plains,
 With *Dafies* did begin:
 My Love and I (on whom suspicious eyes
 Had set a thousand spies)
 To cozen Argus strove;
 And seen of none
 We got alone,
 Into a shady Grove.

On every bush the *Eglantine*,
 With leaves perfumed, hung,
 The Primrose made the Hedge-Rows fine,
 The Woods, of Musick rung.
 The Earth, the Air, and all things did conspire
 To raise contentment higher.
 That had I come to woo:
 Nor means of grace,
 Nor time, nor Place;
 Were wanting thereunto.

With hand in hand, alone we walkt,
 And oft each other ey'd :
 Of Love, and Passions past, we talkt,
 Which our poor hearts hath tried.
 Our Souls infus'd into each others were,
 And what may be her care,
 Did my more sorrow breed ;
 One mind we bore,
 One Faith we swore,
 And both in one agreed.

Her dainty palm I gently prest,
 And with her lips I plaid,
 My Cheek upon her panting breast,
 And on her neck I laid,
 And yet we had no sense of wanton lust ;
 Nor did we then mistrust
 The Poison in the sweet :
 Our *Bodies* wrought
 So close, we thought,
 Because our *Souls* should meet.

But,

But, kissing and embracing, we
 So long together lay;
 Her touches all enflamed me,
 And I began to stray.
 My hands presum'd so far, they were too bold.
 My Tongue, unwisely, told,
 How much my Heart was chang'd.
 And Virtue quite
 Was put to flight,
 Or for the time estrang'd.

Oh! what are we if in our strength,
 We over-boldly trust?
 The strongest Forts, will yield at length:
 And so our Virtues must.
 In me no force of Reason had prevail'd;
 If she had also fail'd,
 But e'er I further stray'd,
 She sighing kist,
 My naked wrist;
 And thus, in tears, she said.

Sweet

Sweet Heart, (quoth she) if in thy breast,
 Those Virtues real be,
 Which hitherto thou hast profess'd,
 And I believ'd in Thee:
 Thy self, and Me, oh! seek not to abuse;
 Whilst Thee I thus refuse
 In hotter flames I fry:
 Yet, let us not,
 Our true love spot,
 Oh! rather let me die.

Are we the two, that have so long,
 Each others loves imbrac't?
 And never did Affection wrong,
 Nor think a thought unchast?
 And shall, oh, shall we now, our matchless joy,
 For one poor touch destroy?
 And all content forego?
 Oh! no, my Dear,
 Sweet Heart forbear;
 I will not lose thee so.

For should we do a deed so base,
 (As it can never be)
 I could no more have seen thy face,
 Nor wouldst thou look on me.
 I should of all our Passions grow ashamed,
 And blush when thou art nam'd,
 Yea, (though thou constant wert)
 I being nought,
 A jealous thought,
 Would still torment my heart.

What goodly thing do we obtain,
 If I consent to Thee?
 Rare Joys we lose, and what we gain,
 But common pleasures be:
 Yea, those (some say) who are to lust inclin'd,
 Drive love out of the mind;
 And so much reason miss:
 That they admire,
 What kind of fire,
 A chaste affection is,

No

No vulgar blifs I aimed at,
 When first I heard thee wooc :
 I'll never prize a man for that,
 Which ev'ry Groom can do.
 If that be Love; the basest men that be,
 Do love as well as we ;
 Who, if we bear us well,
 Do pass them then,
 As *Angels*, men
 In glory do excell.

Whilst thus she spake, a cruel band
 Of passions seiz'd my Soul :
 And, what one seemed to command,
 Another did controul.
 'Twixt *Good* and *Ill*, I did divided lye.
 But as I rais'd mine eye,
 In her me thought I saw
 Those Virtues shine,
 Whose Rays Divine,
 First gave Desire a Law.

With

With that, I felt the blush of shame,
 Into my cheek return ;
 And *Love*, did with a chaster flame,
 Within my Bosom burn.
 My Soul, her light of Reason had renew'd ;
 And by those beams I view'd,
 How sily Lust ensnares,
 And all the fires,
 Of Ill-Desires,
 I quenched with my tears.

Go *wantons* now, and flout at this
 My Coldness, if you list ;
 Vain fools, you never knew the bliss,
 That doth in Love consist,
 You sigh, and weep, and labour to enjoy,
 A Shade, a Dream, a Toy.
 Poor Folly you pursue ;
 And are unblest,
 Since every beast,
 In Pleasure equals you.

You

You never took so rich content,
 In all your wanton play,
 As this to me hath pleasure lent,
 That chaste she went away.
 For as some fins, which we committed have;
 Sharp stings behind them leave,
 Whereby we vexed are:
 So ill suppress,
 Begetteth rest,
 And Peace, without compare.

It would make this too long to recite but a
 small part of the beauties of this delightful Poem:
 The following contains such an example to the
 Fair Sex, it would be unpardonable to pass it over.

By herself, she hath such care,
 That her actions decent are;
 For, were she in secret hid,
 None might see her what she did;
 She would do, as if, for Spies,
 Every wall were stuck with eyes.

And

And be chary of her Honour,
 'Cause the heavens do look upon her ;
 And, oh, what had power to move,
 Flames of Lust, or wanton Love,
 So far, to disparage us,
 If we all were minded thus ?
 These are Beauties which shall last,
 When the crimson blood shall waste,
 And the shining hair wax grey,
 Or with age be worn away,
 These yield pleasures, such as might
 Be remember'd with delight ;
 When we gasp our latest breath,
 On the loathed bed of death.

Tho' discreetly speak she can,
 She'll be silent, rather than
 Talk when others may be heard :
 As if she did hate, or fear'd,
 Their Condition ; who will force
 All, to wait on their discourse.

Reason hath on her bestowed
 More of Knowledge, than she owed
 To that Sex ; and *Grace* with it,
 Doth aright her practice fit.
 Yet, hath *Fate* so framed her,
 As she may at sometime, err :
 But, if e'er her judgment stray,
 'Tis that other women may,
 Those much pleasing Beauties see,
 Which in yielding Natures be.

Should you hear her, once, contend
 In discoursing, to defend
 (As she can) a doubtful Cause :
 She such strong positions draws
 From known Truths, and doth apply,
 Reasons with such Majestie :
 As if *She*, did undertake,
 From some *Oracle* to speak.
 And you could not think, what might
 Breed more love, or more delight.

Yet,

Yet, if you should mark again,
 Her discreet behaviour, when
 She finds reason to repent
 Some wrong-pleaded *Argument*.
 She so temper'ately lets all
 Her mis-held opinions fall;
 And, can with so much mildness bow;
 As 'twill more enamour you,
 Than Her Knowledge, For, there are
 Pleasing sweets without compare
 In such yieldings; which do prove,
Wit, Humility, and *Love*.

These Sentiments every woman should bear in
 Her Heart as the Jews did their Phylactarys on
 their Foreheads.

Roses and Lillies are the common ingredients
 without which no Poet can paint his Mistress;
 before we leave this Poem it may be satisfactory
 to see how *they* are applied.

" On the either side of this, *
Love's most lovely prospect is.
 These Her smiling Cheeks, whose colour
 Comprehends true *Beauty* fuller,
 Than the curioust mixtures can,
 That are made by art of Man.
 It is *Beauty's garden-plot*,
 Where, as in a *True love knot*,
 So, the snowy Lilly grows,
 Mixed with the Crimson Rose,
 That as Friends they joined be:
 Yet, they seem to disagree,
 Whether of the two shall reign;
 And the Lillies oft obtain
 Greater sway, unless a blush
 Help the Roses at a push.

At the end of This Poem is a " Miscellany of
 Epigrams, Sonnets, &c." As a Specimen of our

* Her Nose.

Author's

Author's manner of treating common ideas, the following may be taken.

“ A Sonnet upon a stolen Kifs.”

Now gentle Sleep, hath clos'd up those eyes,
Which waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access, unto that sweet lip, lies,
From whence I long the rose breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting Rubies, one poor kifs;
None sees the theft, that would the thief reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought, which she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I had done so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow.
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan,

This collection concludes with an elegaic
Epistle of Farewel from an empaffioned Friend to

a married Lady whom He leaves that they might never be ensnared by their mutual tenderness to any improper behaviour.

Swift Time, that will, by no entreaty, stay,
Is now gone by, and summons me away.
And what my grief denies my tongue to do,
My true affection drives my pen unto.
Dear Heart, that day, and that sad hour, is come
In which, thy Face I must be banish'd from :
And go to live, where (peradventure) we
Hereafter must, for aye, divided be.

Those Parents, that discreet in loving be,
When on their new-born child a wen they see,
Which may, (perchance) in aftertime disgrace
The sweet proportion of a lovely face :
(Altho' it wound their souls to hear the moan,
And see the tortures of their *pretty-one*)
To weep a little rather are content
Whilst he endures the Surgeon's Instrument ;

Then

Than suffer that foul blemish there, to spread,
 Until his face be quite disfigured.
 So, we, betwixt whose souls there is begot,
 That sweet babe, Friendship, must beware, no spot
 Through our indulgent indiscretion grow,
 That may the beauty of our love o'erthrow :
 Let's rather bear a little discontent,
 And learn of Reason, those things to prevent,
 Which mar affection. That our Friendship may
 Waxe firmer, and more love'ly ev'ry day.

Then let us pleased part ; and tho' the dearness
 Of our affection, covets both a nearness
 In *mind* and *body*, let us unwillingly
 Beget a virtue of Necessity.
 And since we must compelled be to live,
 By time and place divided ; let us strive
 In the despight of Time and Distance, so
 That love of Virtue may more perfect grow :
 And that this seperation we lament,
 May make our meeting fuller of content.

Yea,

Yea, whereas carnal Love, is ever colder,
 As Youth decays, and as the flesh grows older ;
 And, when the body is dissolved, must
 Be buried with oblivion in the dust.
 We, then shall dearer grow, and this our Love,
 Which now imperfect is, shall perfect prove :
 For, there's no mortal power can rob true friends,
 Of *that* which noblest amity attends,
 Nor any separation that is able,
 To make the virtuous Lovers miserable.
 Since, when disasters threaten most dejection,
 Their Goodness maketh strongest their affection.
 And, that which works in others loves denial ;
 In them, more noble makes it, by the tryal.

'Tis true, that when we part, we know not whether
 Those bodies shall, for ever, meet together,
 As you have said ; yet, wherefore should we grieve,
 Since, we a better meeting do believe?
 If we did also know, that when we die,
 This Love should perish everlastingly,

And

And that we must, as brutish creatures do,
 Lose with our bodies, all our dearness too,
 Our separation, then, a sorrow were,
 Which mortal hearts had never power to bear :
 But, seeing in the Soul, our Love is plac'd ;
 And (seeing) Souls of Death shall never tast ;
 No Death can end our Love. Nay when we die,
 Our Souls (that now in chains and fetters lye)
 Shall meet more freely, to partake that joy,
 Compar'd to which, our Friendship's but a toy

Mean while, we, that (together living) may
 Through human weaknesses be led astray :
 (And unawares, make that affection foul,
 Which Virtue, yet keeps blameless in the Soul)
 By absence shall preserved be, as clean,
 As to be kept (in our best thoughts) we mean.
 And, in our pray'ers for each other, shall
 Give, and receive more kindnesse, than all
 The world can yield us. And when other men,
 Whose Love is carnal, are tormented when
 Death

Death calls them hence, because they robbed be
 Of all their hope (for evermore) to see
 The object of their Love: we shall avoid
 That bitter anguish wherewith they are cloy'd
 And, whenso'er it happens, thou, or I,
 Shall feel the time approaching us to die;
 It shall not grieve us at our latest breath,
 To mind each other on the bed of death:
 Nor will death fear us, cause we shall perceive
 That those contentments, which we had not leave
 To take now we are living, shall be gain'd
 When our unprison'd Souls shall be unchain'd.
 Nay rather wish to die, we might possess
 The sweet fruition of that happiness,
 Which we shall then receive, in the perfection
 Of Him, that is the fulness of Affection.

Mean while, you still are dear; yea, live or die,
 My Soul shall love you everlastingly.
 And how so'er, there seem such cause of sorrow;
 Yet, those that part, and think to meet to-morrow,
Death

Death may divide to-night ; and, as before,
 Their Fear was less, their Grief will be the more.
 Since therefore, whether far I live, or nigh,
 There is in meeting an incertainty :
 Let us, for that which surest is, provide :
 Part like those Friends, whom nothing can divide ;
 And, since we Lovers first became, that we,
 Might to our power, each others comfort be ;
 Let's not the sweetness of our love destroy ;
 But, turn those weepings into tears of Joy :
 On which condition, I do give thee, *this* ;
 To be both *mine*, and *Sorrow's* parting-kiss.

It is not proposed to cite the *Poems* in the *Order*
 they stand in the *Juvenilia* ; but to keep his Sa-
 tyres apart.

The next in date then, to "*Fair Virtue*, The Mistress
 " of Philarete," will be " Prince Henry's Obsequies."
 This is so different from the common stile of Court
Funeral Elegies that it would be unpardonable to
 consign

conſign it to that oblivion which ſuch pieces generally deſerve. We ſhall however only give the 32 Elegy ; tho' we cannot omit referring particularly to the addreſs to the Queen, in Elegy 6 ; and to the 36 Elegy, expreſſing his own feelings, and the Character of Prince Henry.

For underſtanding the following, it is neceſſary to mention, that Prince Henry's body embalmed was carried in Funeral Proceſſion.

Elegy 32.

Then, as he paſt along you might eſpy
How the griev'd Vulgar that ſhed many a tear,
Caſt after, an unwilling parting eye,
As loth to loſe the ſight they held ſo dear ;
When they had loſt the figure of his face,
Then they beheld his robes ; his chariot then,
Which being hid, their look aim'd at the Place,
Still longing to behold him once again :

But

But when he was quite past, and they could find,
 No object to employ their sight upon,
 Sorrow became more busy with the mind,
 And drew an army of sad passions on;
 Which made them so particularly moan,
 Each amongst thousands seem'd as if alone.

Altho' there is no Edition mentioned of the *Epithalamia* of an earlier date than 1622, yet as the *Princess Elizabeth's* Marriage, which is the subject of them, happened in 1612, it is probable they were printed before 1622. In the concluding part, are some *Epigrams concerning Marriage*, of which the following is the 3^d.

Soldier ; of thee I ask, for thou canst best,
 Having known *Sorrow*, judge of *Joy* and *Rest* :
 What greater bliss, than after all thy harms,
 To have a Wife that's fair, and lawful thine ;
 And lying prison'd 'twixt her ivory arms,
 There tell what Thou has 'scapt by Powers divine ?

E

How

How many, round thee, thou hast murther'd seen;
 How oft thy soul hath been near hand expiring,
 How many times thy flesh hath wounded been:
 Whilst she thy fortune and thy worth admiring,
 With joy of health, and pity of thy pain;
 Doth weep and kiss, and kiss and weep again.

Epigram 6.

Long did I wonder, and I wonder much,
 Rome's Church should from her Clergy take that due;
 Thought I, why should she that contentment grutch?
 What, doth she all with continence indue?
 No: But why then are they debar'd that State?
 Is she become a Foe unto her own?
 Doth she the members of her body hate?
 Or is it for some other cause unshown?
 Oh yes: *they find a woman's lips so dainty;*
They tye themselves from one, 'cause they'll have twenty.

The next piece is "The Shepherd's Hunting"
 written in the *Marshalsea* whilst he was confined
 there

there for His *former* Book “ Abuses stript and
 “ whipt.” It is in dialogues between him and
 some of his Friends who visit him: It is pleasing
 to see with what fortitude he bears his fate.

A. Are Prisons then grown Places of Delight?

P. T’is as the *conscience* of the *Prisoner* is,
 The very *grates* are able to affright
 The guilty man, that knows his deeds amiss.

All outward *Pleasures* are exiled quite,
 And it is nothing (of itself) but This:
 Abhorred loneness, darkness, sadness, pains,
 Num’n-cold, sharp-hunger, scorching thirst & chains.

Some Sonnets are introduced, in one of them he
 most pathetically describes his situation.

I that ere’st-while the Worlds sweet Air did draw
 (Grac’d by the Fairest ever Mortal saw)
 Now closely pent, with walls of ruth-less stone;
 Consume my days, and nights, and all alone.

E 2

When

When I was wont to sing of Shepherd's Loves,
 My walks were fields, and downs, and hills and groves;
 But now (alas) so strict is my hard doom,
 Fields, downs, hills, groves and all's but one poor room.

Each morn as soon as day-light did appear,
 With Nature's musick, Birds would charm mine ear;
 Which now, instead of their melodious strains
 Hear ratling shackles, gyves, and bolts, and chains.

But, tho' that all the worlds delight forsake me,
 I have a *Muse* and she shall musick make me;
 Whose airy Note, in spite of closest cages,
 Shall give content to me and after ages.

Nor do I pass for all this outward ill,
 My heart's the same and undejected still;
 And, which is more than some in freedom win,
 I have true rest, and peace, and joy within.

And then my mind, that spite of prison's free,
 When e'er she pleases, any where can be;

She's

She's in an hour, in France, Rome, Turkey, Spain,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heaven and here again.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cause is spread, and all the world may know,
My faults no more but speaking truth and reason ;
No debt, nor theft, nor murther, rape nor treason.

Nor shall my foes with all their might and power,
Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our ;
Which when they find, they shall my fate envie,
Till they grow lean, and mad, and sick and die.

Then tho' my body here in prison rot,
And my wrong'd *Satyres* seem a-while forgot :
Yet when both Fame, and life hath left these men,
My verse, and I'll revive, and live again.

So then enclos'd, I bear afflictions load,
But with more true content than some abroad ;
For whilst their thoughts, do feel my *Scourge's* sting,
In bonds I'll leap, and dance, and laugh and sing.

E 3

A. Why

A. Why now I see thou droops't not with thy care,

All that did truly know thee, did conceive,
 Thy actions with thy spirit still agreed ;
 Their good conceit thou dost no whit bereave,
 But shewest that thou art still thyself indeed,
 If that thy Mind to *baseness* now descends,
 Thoul't injure *Virtue*, and deceive thy Friends,

W. Alexis, he will injure VIRTUE much,
 But more his *Friends*, and most of all *himself*,
 If on that common *bar* his mind but touch,
 It wrecks his *Fame* upon *Disgrace's shelf*.
 Whereas if Thou steer on that happy course,
 Which in thy just adventure is begun ;
 No *thwarting Tide*, nor *adverse Blast* shall force
 Thy *Bark* without The CHANNELS bounds to run.

Perhaps there never was a more perfect Meta-
 phor ; but a Man must be a Seaman to feel the full
 force of it.

In another *Sonnet* in this Piece he has made a
 most happy and poetical allusion to the *day* of
Judgment:

Judgement : it is an address to his own Soul, and
begins

Now that my body, dead-alive,
Bereav'd of comfort, lyes in thrall,
Do Thou, my Soul, begin to thrive,
And unto Honey, turn this Gall:
So shall we both through outward woe,
The way to inward comfort know.

As, to the Flesh we food do give ;
To keep in us this Mortal breath :
So, Souls on Meditation live,
And shun thereby immortal death :
Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
Than when thou finds't me most oppress'd.

First think, my Soul ; if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure those outward woes,
Have thus entrapt me unaware :

Thou

Thou should'st by much more careful be,
 Since greater Foes lye wait for thee.

Or, when through me, thou see'st a Man
 Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
 How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
 Drawing with fear his panting breath :
 Think, if in that, such grief you see,
 How, sad will, GO YE CURSED ! BE.

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
 (*Past hope*) doth see his *pardon* brought,
 Read but the *joy* that's in his *eye*,
 And then convey it to thy thought :
 There think, betwixt thy heart and thee,
 How sweet will, COME YE BLESSED ! BE,

The other *Sonnet* in this piece is a dialogue with
 two Friends who come to console him.

W. Shepherd, would these gates were ope,
Thou might'st take with us thy Fortune.

P. No, I'll make this narrow scope,
(Since my Fate doth so importune)
Means unto a wider hope.

C. Would thy Shepherdess were here,
Who beloved, loves so dearly ?

P. Not for both your Flocks I swear,
And the gain they yield you yearly,
Would I so much wrong my Dear.

Yet, to me, nor to this Place,
Would she now be long a Stranger :
She would hold it no disgrace,
(If she fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am, to shew her Face.

W. Shepherd, we would wish no harms,
But something that might content thee.

P. Wish me then within her arms ;
And that wish will ne'er repent me,
If your wishes might prove charms.

W.

- W. Be thy Prison,—Her Embrace,
 Be thy Air—Her sweetest breathing.
- C. Be thy Prospect—Her sweet Face,
 For each look, a Kiss bequeathing,
 And appoint thyself the Place.

We shall conclude this Poem with his exclamation in favour of Poetry.

But (alas) my Muse is flow,
 For thy place she flags too low :
 Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
 Her short wings were clipt of late,
 And, poor I, her fortune ruing,
 Am myself put up a muing.

And tho', for her sake, I'm cross,
 Tho' my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble,
 Ten times more than ten times double :
 I should love, and keep her too,
 Spight of all the World could do,

For

For tho' banish'd from my flocks,
 And confin'd within these Rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Tho' I miss the flow'r'y Fields
 With those sweets the Spring-tide yields,

Tho' of all those pleasures past,
 Nothing now remains at last,
 But Remembrance (poor relief)
 That more makes, than mends my grief
 She's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre Envy's evil will.
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace ;
 And the blackest discontents
 To be pleasing ornaments,

In

In my former days of blifs,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from every thing I ſaw,
 I could ſome invention draw :
 And raiſe Pleaſure to her height,
 Thro' the meanest object's ſight,
 By the murmur of a ſpring,
 Or the leaſt bough's ruſteling :
 By a daiſie whoſe leaves, ſpread,
 Shut when *Titan* goes to bed ;
 Or a ſhady buſh or tree,
 She would more infuſe in me,
 Than all nature's beauties can,
 In ſome other wiſer man.
 By her help I alſo now,
 Make this churliſh place, allow
 Some things that may ſweeten gladneſs,
 In the very gall of ſadneſs.
 The dull loneneſs, the black ſhade,
 That theſe hanging vaults have made,
 The ſtrange Muſick of the waves,
 Beating on theſe hollow caves,

This

This black Den which Rocks embosse
 Over grown with eldest Moss.
 The rude *Portals* that give light,
 More to *Terror* than *Delight*.
 This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
 Wall'd about with *Disrespect*,
 From all these and this dull air,
 A fit object for Despair,
 She hath taught me, by her might,
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore *thou best earthly bliss*,
 I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy ; thou sweetest content
 That e'er Heav'n to Mortals lent ;
 Tho' they, as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thought cannot conceive thee,
 Tho' thou be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but Earth are born :
 Let my Life no longer be
 Than I am, in love with Thee

F

“ The

“ The Shepherd’s Hunting” is followed by
 “ *Fidelia*” a most passionate and elegant Elegaic
 Poem said to be a Fragment ; It is an Epistle from
 a modest woman to her *supposed* inconstant Lover,
 in which are expressed (as the Introduction says)
 “ the height of Female Passions, so far as they seem
 “ to agree with reason, and keep within such de-
 “ cent bounds as becometh their sex.”

But, sith thy *Love* grows cold, and thou unkind,
 Be not displeas’d I somewhat breathe my mind ;
 I am in hope, my words may prove a mirrour,
 Whereon thou looking, mayst behold thine error.
 And yet, the Heaven, and my sad heart, doth know
 How griev’d I am, and with what feeling woe
 My Mind is tortured, to think that I
 Should be the brand of thy disloyalty :
 Or, live to be the Author of a line
 That shall be printed with a fault of Thine ;

Oh that *Love’s* Patron, or some sacred *Muse*,
 Amongst my *passions*, would such art infuse,

My

My well-fram'd words, and airy sighs might prove
 The happy blasts to re-inflame thy love.
 Or, at least, touch thee with thy fault so near,
 That thou might'st see thou wrong'st who held thee dear;
 Seeing, confess the same, and so abhor it,
 Abhorring, pity, and repent thee for it.

But, who can say, what we shall live to do?
 I have believed, and let in, liking too;
 And that so far, I cannot yet see how
 I may so much as hope, to help it now:
 Which makes me think, what e'er we *women* say,
 Another mind will come another day.
 And that men may, to things unhop'd for climb,
 Who watch for *Opportunity* and *Time*.
 For 'tis well known, we were not made of clay,
 Of such coarse, and ill-temper'd stuff as they.
 For he that fram'd us of their flesh, did deign
 When 'twas at best, to new-refin't again.
 Which makes us ever since the kinder *Creatures*,
 Of far more flexible and yielding *Natures*,

And as we oft excell in outward parts,
So we have nobler and more gentle Hearts.

Fool that I am, I fear my guerdon's just,
In that I knew this, and presum'd to trust,
And yet (alas) for ought that I could tell,
One spark of goodness in the world might dwell:
And then, I thought, if such a thing might be,
Why might not that one spark remain in Thee?

But now I've try'd, my bought experience knows,
They oft are worst, that make the fairest shows.
And howsoever men tam an outward grieving,
'Tis neither worth respecting, nor believing:
For, she that doth one to her mercy take,
Warms in her bosom but a frozen snake:
Which heated with her favours, gathers sense,
And stings her to the heart in recompence.

Where's she did more delight in springs and rills?
Where's she that walk'd more, Groves, or Downs or Hills?
Or

Or could, by such fair artless prospect, more
 Add by conceit, to her Contentment's store
 Than I; whilst Thou wer't true, and with thy Graces
 Didst give a pleasing presence to those Places?
 But now *what is! what was* hath overthrown,
 My Rose-deckt allies now with rue are strewn;
 And from those flowers that honey'd use to be,
 I suck nought now but Juice to poison me.

How fair (think I) would this sweet place appear,
 If he I love, were present with me here.
 Nay, every several object that I see,
 Doth severally (methinke) remember Thee.
 But the delight I us'd from thence to gather,
 I now exchange for cares, and seek them rather,

There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree,
 Thou hadst engraven for the love of me;
 When we two, all one, in heat of day,
 With chaste embraces drove swift hours away.
 Then I remember too (unto my smart)
 How loath we were, when time compell'd to part;

How cunningly thy *Passion* thou couldst fain,
 In taking leave, and coming back again :
 So oft, until (as seeming to forget
 We were departing) down again we set ?
 And freshly in that sweet discourse went on,
 Which now, I almost faint to think upon.

Well Love (saidst thou) since neither sigh nor vow,
 Nor any service may avail me now :
 Since neither the recital of my smart,
 Nor those strong *passions* that assail my heart ;
 Nor any thing may move thee to belief
 Of these my sufferings, or to grant relief :
 Since there's no comfort, nor desert, that may
 Get me so much as *Hope* of what I pray ;
 Sweet Love farewell ; farewell fair beauty's light,
 And every pleasing object of the sight :
 My poor despairing Heart here biddeth you,
 And all content, for evermore, adieu.

Then, ev'n as thou seem'st ready to depart ;
 Reaching that hand, which after gave my Heart,

(And

(And thinking this sad *farewell* did proceed
 From a *sound* Breast, but truly mov'd indeed)
 I stay'd thy departing from me so,
 Whilst I stood mute with *sorrow*, thou for *show*.
 And the mean while as I beheld thy look,
 My Eye th' impression of such *Pity* took,
 That, with the strength of *Passion* overcome,
 A deep-fetcht sigh my heart came breathing from.
 Whereat thou (ever wisely using this
 To take advantage when it offered is)
 Renewd'st thy suit to me, who did afford
 Consent, in silence first, and then in word.

The Dyal-needle, tho' it sen'e doth want,
 Still bends to the beloved *Adamant*;
 Lift the one up, the other upward tends;
 If this fall down, that presently descends:
 Turn but about the stone, the steel turns too,
 Then straight returns, if so the other do;
 And, if it stay, with trembling keeps one place,
 As if it (panting) long'd for an embrace.
 So was't with me: for, if thou merry wert,
 That mirth of thine mov'd joy within my heart:

I sigh'd

I sigh'd too, when thou didst sigh or frown:
 When thou wert sick, thou hast perceiv'd me swoon;
 And being sad, have oft with forc'd delight,
 Striv'd to give *thee* content beyond my might.
 When thou wouldst talk, then have I talk'd with thee,
 And silent been, when thou wouldst silent be.
 If thou abroad didst go, with joy I went;
 If home thou lov'dst, at home was my content.
 Yea, what did to my *Nature* disagree,
 I could make pleasing, 'cause it pleased *Thee*.

There some peculiar thing innated is
 That bears an uncontrouled sway in this;
 And nothing but itself, knows how to fit
 The mind, with that which best shall suit with it;
 Then why should *Parents* thrust themselves into
 What they want warrant for, and power to do?
 How is it they are so forgetful grown,
 Of those conditions, that were once their own?
 Do they so doat am dft their wits perfection,
 To think that age and youth hath like affection?
(When

(When they do see 'mong those of equal years,
One hateth what another most endears,)

Or do they think their wisdoms can invent

A thing to give, that's greater than Content?

No, neither shall they wrap us in such blindness,

To make us think the spight they do, is kindness,

For as I would advise no Child to stray

From the least duty that he ought to pay:

So would I also have him wisely know,

How much that duty is, which he doth owe;

That knowing what doth unto both belong,

He may do them their right, himself no wrong.

(Children owe much, I must confess 'tis true,

And a great debt is to the *Parents* due;

Yet if they have not so much power to crave,

But in their own defence, the lives they gave,

How much *less* then should they become so cruel

As to take from them the high priz'd Jewell

Of Liberty in choice, whereon depends

The main Contentment that Heaven here lends?

Worth

Worth Life or Wealth, nay far more worth than either
Of twenty thousand lives put all together.

Then hasten *Dear*, if to my end it be,
It shall be welcome, 'cause it comes from *Thee*.
If to renew my comfort ought be sent,
Let me not lose a minute of *Content*,
The precious *Time* is short and will away,
Let us enjoy each other while we may.
Cares thrive, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but shades,
Years lessen, *Youth* decays, and *Beauty* fades;
New turns come on, the old returneth never,
If we let our go past, 'tis past for ever.

“Wither's Motto” *nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*.
“Nor have I, nor want I, nor care I,” is a spirited
Poem which shews great independance of mind;
and has many *Poetical Beauties* in it; but we shall
not give any quotations: Nor of *His Satyres* which
are “*Abuses stript and whipt*” in 2 *Books*;
Book 1 contains “The Occasion,” “The In-
“troduction” “Of Man” Satyre 1. Of fond Love
2. Lust,

2. Lust, 3. Hate, 4. Envy, 5. Revenge, 6. Choler,
 7. Jealousy, 8. Covetousness, 9. Ambition, 10. Fear,
 11. Despair, 12. Hope, 13. Compassion, 14. Cruelty,
 15. Joy, 16. Sorrow "The Conclusion." *Book 2*
Sat. 1. Vanity, 2. Inconstancy, 3. Weakness,
 4. Presumption "*The Scourge. Epigrams to*
Persons to whom the Author gave his Books.

"*Satyre to the King*" whilst in prison, being a spirited defence of Himself, which had so good effect as to get his release.

Having now given a summary Account of the Contents of *Wither's Juvenilia*, we shall conclude with a list of such other of *his Works*, as are known to the Editor to exist at present: expressing where such may be found, as are not in his own possession. B. M. denoting *The British Museum*, B. *The Bodleian Library*, and H. *The Collection of Mr. William Herbert*, the indefatigable Editor of the New Edition of *Ames's Typography*.

1614 Eclogues by Mr. Brook, Mr. Wither, and
Mr. Davis - - - 8° - B

N. B. Wood says "at the End of Brown's
Shepherd's Pipe." there is however only one com-
mendatory Poem by *Wither*, and another is pre-
fixed to *Brown's Britannia's Pastorals*.

1619 Preparation for the Psalter - - - 12° - B

1620 Exercises on the 1st Psalm - - - 8° - B

1628 Britain's Remembrancer - - - 12° - B

1634 Poem on Usury, in Blaxton's English Usurer.

1635 Wither's Emblems - - - 12° - H

1641 Halleluiah - - - 12° - H

1643 Campo Masæ - - - 8° - H

1643 Wither's Remembrancer (*Quere* if this is not
by his Antagonist) - - - B. M

1645 Vox Pacifica - - - - - H

1645 The Great Assises holden in Parnassus - - - B

1652 The Dark Lantern - - - - - H

1653 Ditto, and Perpetual Parliament - - - 12°

1653 Westrow Reviv'd, a Funeral Poem - - - 8° B. M

1659 Salt upon Salt - - - 8° - H

1660 Fides Anglicana - - - 8° - H

1660 Furor Poeticus - - - - - H

1660 Speculum Speculativum, or Considering } 8°
Glas; and Shepherd of Bledonham }

1661 Joco-serio - - - - - H

1661 A Triple Paradox - - - - - H

Lottery - - - 12° - H

1661 The Prisoner's Plea, *prose* - - - 8°

1664 Tuba Pacifica - - - 8°

1666 Sighs for the Pitchers - - - 8°

1668 Nil Ultra

1669 Fragmenta Prophetica, same as above with new Title

1688 Divine Poems by way of Paraphrase on the Ten
Commandments - - - 8°

no year. The Scholar's Purgatory, *prose* - - - 8° B. M

Ditto Apologetical Remonstrance against Richard
Onslow - - - 4° B. M

